WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

[VOL. IV. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1806. No. 89.]

THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE AUTHOR OF

"ABALLINO."

[The following narrative was first published in London during the Spring of the present year. The story will be found interesting; and, we hope, will prove acceptable to our readers.]

LIANSKOI was the younger brother of the Baron Berodsko. On the sudden disappearance of their father, the latter came into a considerable extent of baronial possessions, subject to the trifling homage which the nobles annually pay to the king. His domains lay in the fruitful country of Poland, which bordered on the eastern mountains.

The younger brother was the son of a second wife, who like other step mothers had not beholden her Husband's first son with the most partial eye; and to this disposition she was the more strongly inclined, by her husband's marked partiality for Liansko. There existed a similarity of inclination, the same susceptibility of heart, and attention to the calls of generosity and virtue!

Possessed of great power and fearless of the neighbouring barons, Woronof, the father of Berodsko, was both secure from his territorial strength, and the esteem he enjoyed from his pacific government.

Berodsko had attained his thirtieth year, when the ambition of becoming more powerful than the restrictions under which he lay to his benevolent father, induced him one day to solicit for himself the dominion of that part of the baron's estates which lay contiguous to the mountains.

The baron, persuaded by his wife, who imagined that the concession would operate eventually to *her* son's advantage, by exposing more fully the arbitary and lawless passions of Berodsko, he consented, and assigned him what he required, at the same time impressing strongly upon his mind, those political truths which had resulted from the experience of many years.

In the space of three years, Berodsko, by threats and by presents, by the hope of plunder and preferment, had drawn together a very formidable force, who, dispersed up and down the mountains, were easily summoned together, and, though beaten, were not to be subdued. He had also trained his vassals to a strict discipline, and, conscious of his own prowess and courage, he only sought a sufficient pretext to enlarge his territory by falling upon that of one of the least powerful chiefs.

A trespass committed by the armed tenantry of baron Malcar, upon the borders of Berodsko's province, afforded him an opportunity of doing this; but the concessions made by the unoffending chief, who was as ready to punish the aggression, as his enemy, were such, that they ought to have satisfied the most unreasonable potentate. It, however, did not produce this effect on Berodsko, who attributing Malcar's humility to pusillanimity, and an incapability of contending with him, he levied war upon the Boyar, and would have overwhelmed him, if Baron Woronof had not openly marched to Malcar's assistance, and thus turned the tide of affairs against his unprincipled son, whose formidable attempts if suffered to proceed uninterrupted, might ultimately become dangerous to his own independence.

Such conduct could not fail to disappoint all the schemes of Berodsko, and to plant in his breast, a violent antipathy against his father: he beheld him standing like a giant in the path of his ambition; and impeding his revenge upon the chief, for the defeat he had experienced. Harrowed up with this reflection, he cherished the ferocious sentiment, till it took root in his bosom, and determined him to adopt a decisive and dreadful plan of action. He knew at that time his father was in the camp of Malcar, and that in a day or two, a battle must ensue, or he must make a hasty and dangerous retreat, an alternative attended with equal misfortune, as the latter would subject his territory to be pillaged and over run. He therefore bent his resourceful mind to Barbaro, his chief counsellor and confident, a man who had escaped from Warsaw to the mountains, where he had made

himself independent by petty depredations, till his submission and offers of service introduced him to Berodsko, who very soon found him willing to second all his purposes, and possessed of talents that might have raised him to the summit of glory in a virtuous cause.

Full of these dark and vindictive impulses, Berodsko could not sleep; but, at the still and solemn hour of midnight, arose, and softly stole to the tent of Barbaro. He waked him, and in a half-stifled voice said, "Barbaro, I believe you to be faithful; I now come to demand a farther proof of it; a mighty project is on foot, and requires all your address and courage. I have resolved—but take this consecrated sabre in your hand, and place this sacred relic to your breast:—then kneel on this holy banner, and swear that you wish to perish ignobly by the point of the one, and that the eternal pains of contemning the other, may be your portion, if you swerve from the secret I am about to impart to you."

The large eyes of Barbaro rolled in his pale visage as he took the sabre, and knelt down. "May the ocean be transmuted to liquid fire," articulated Babarro, "and may I be everlastingly doomed to float in its scorching lava, if I shrink from your purpose!"

"Once more," said Berodsko, "point the sabre to your arm; let the crimson fluid be a record in conjunction with mine on this hallowed banner, that you will never disclose the secret, nor separate your interest from mine, till the ensanguined drops shall return to their parent veins!"—Babarro bent his arm to the point of the sabre; the blood trickled from the puncture on the thirsty linen, and Berodsko did the same.

"Now listen," said the latter; "I have determined to send a private messenger to the tent of my father, to propose an interview at the hollow dell which is overlooked by the north-east angle of the ruined prison of Horsa. I propose for each come unattended, and unarmed. The ...ou know, is secret, the summit be...d with impervious trees and hedg...

poinarded on the spot! If he adopt the former, my enemy will be an easy prey, and Babarro shall reign in his stead! The business is urgent; and the messenger whom I must dispatch on this important errand must be trusty! If my father resist—if he perish! look to what follows. I shall become the heir to his power and possessions—you who share the danger, shall share the reward; and the glorious luxuries of love and ambition shall revel in our palaces!"

"But," said Barbaro, "*who* is to be the assassin to whom you can confide such a dangerous trust?" "*To yourself!*" replied Berodsko, grasping his hand. "It is *you* who must do the deed!" "I have a sword," said Barbaro, "but in the darkness of that gloomy hour, how shall I distinguish the victim's tent?" "You will know it by the standard placed at its entrance," replied Berodsko, "and the double centinel which guards his tent."

"To business, then," exclaimed Barbaro, "and I will bear the consecrated cross, and the friar's habit which we obtained in our plunder of the monastry of Risbatz, and which will now serve effectually as a disguise."

"True!" vociferated Berodsko, and "I will bear the trusty sword which has hitherto cut my way to power, and whose ruthless blade, the present of my father, shall do the deed, if your dagger fail!"

The fearless Barbaro then rose, and having disguised himself, he and Berodsko drew their visors over their faces, and having watched the opportunity of departing secretly by a private path, they bent their steps through uneven ground, and rocky defiles, till they reached the vicinity of Malcar's camp.

They stopped at a hollow formed by two abrupt hilly descents, to the bottom of which, Berodsko descended, while Barbaro made his way to the outposts. He was challenged by the camp patrole, who declaring that he had immediate and important business with the chieftain, *from the Boyar*, he was conducted to the tent of Woronof.

On his entrance he found the Chief ...neeling before a cruel...yer. Disturbed ...which, fate had ...ney, the mangled

and intermingled corpses of those who were to perish on the morrow, by the swords of each other, Woronof had waked unusually oppressed. "Away such idle fear!" exclaimed he to himself. "Dreadful thought! to morrow must the soil be reddened with the gore of hundreds who have no individual enmity, and who must be sacrificed to an unnatural son. But why should *my* soul be alarmed? Do we not draw the sword in a righteous cause, to protect the defenceless, to preserve our properties, and to defend our altars? Away then my uneasiness, and let the soul of Woronof be refreshed in the bosom of repose!"

The Chief reversed his pillow, and turned on the opposite side; a doze succeeded, and the hand of Fate again sketched out a new picture. He saw the armies engaging, and was advancing to the onset, when suddenly the light from heaven was absorbed in midnight darkness, and a tremendous figure ascended from the earth, clad as the demon of malice, and surrounded with daggers of fire, and the torches of discord. 'Behold, Woronof,' exclaimed the monster, in a voice that made the mountains quake, 'over thee have I a temporary power. *Thy blood is the purchase of peace!* By this sabre, shalt thou be numbered with the dead.'

(To be continued.)

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Translation of HOMER'S *celebrated simile, at the close of the eighth Book.*

As when refulgent stars, around the moon
Spread azure light, through heaven's etherial dome;
When sacred nature, with sweet sleep is bless'd,
And not a breath disturbs her silent rest;
When lofty towers their highest summits rear,
And hills, and lawns, and woodland views appear;
When spangled heaven with all the stars are seen,
The shepherds, glad, behold the glorious scene.
So many flames before proud Ilium burn'd,
And Xanthus deep, the glittering sight return'd;
A thousand fires, now blaz'd upon the plat,
And near each fire, full fifty warriors sat;
The foaming steeds, with haste devour their corn,
Champing their bits they wait returning morn.

QUIDAM.

There is no end to the inconveniences arising from a want of punctuality.
Who siezes too rapidly drops as hastily

SELECTIONS

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Extract from

'THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED,'

[From the 299th page of our last]

"IT would be only fatiguing the reader to say more upon the topographical part of my subject. It is obvious from what has been stated, that the regions of Fashion, considered as a whole, are rather numerous than compact: and indeed, such difference of opinion subsists among the people themselves, upon the territories which are entitled to that name, that no correct judgment can be pronounced upon a question of so much controversy. Thus much, however, may be affirmed, that there is scarcely a market town in the kingdom, in which some portion of land is not invested with Fashionable privileges, and designated by such terms as mark the wish of the inhabitants to have it considered as forming a part and parcel of the demesnes of Fashion.

"The *Climate* of Fashion is almost entirely factitious and artificial; and consequently differs in many material respects from the natural temperature of those respective places over which its jurisdiction extends. Though changes from heat to cold, and vice versa, are very common among these people, yet heat may be said to be the prevailing character of the climate. They appear to me to have but two seasons in the year; these they call, in conformity to common language, rather than to just calculation, Winter and and Summer. Of summer, but little is known; for it seems to be a rule among this people to disband and disperse at the approach of it, and not to rally or reunite till the winter has fairly commenced. Though, therefore, they exist somehow, or somewhere, during the summer months they wish it to be considered that they do not exist under their Fashionable character. They wash themselves in the sea, drink laxative waters, lose a little money at billiards, or catch a few colds at public rooms; but all these things they do as individuals, and wholly out of their corporate capacity, as members of the community of Fashion. So that in their mode of disposing of the summer, they invert the standing rule of most other animals; they choose the fair season for their torpid state, and show no signs of life, but during the winter. It is not easy to say exactly when the winter *begins* in the Fashionable World; an inhabitant of Bath would have one mode of reckoning, and an inhabitant of London, another. To do justice to the subject, the commencement of winter ought to be regulated by the former of these places, and the close of it by the latter. Supposing, therefore, that it begins some time in November, there can be no difficulty in setting its duration; for the 4th of June is, by a tacit, yet binding ordinance, considered as a limit, over which, a Fashionable winter can never pass.

"There are many circumstances in which the climate of fashion stands peculiarly distinguished from every other. It has already been intimated that heat is its prevailing characteristic: it is, moreover, not a little remarkable, that this heat is at its highest point in the winter season; and that the inhabitants often perspire more freely when the snow is on the ground, than they do in the dog-days. The truth is, that, as was before said, the climate is wholly created by artificial circumstances, and the natural temperature of the air, is completely done away. The sort of communication which these people keep up with each other, is considered to require a species of apparatus which fills their atmosphere with an immoderate degree of phlogiston. Besides this, they are notoriously fond of assembling in insufferable crowds; and travellers have assured us, that they have often witnessed from ten to twelve hundred persons suffocating each other within a space which would scarcely have afforded convenient accommodation for a dozen families. And this may enable us in some measure to account for the little benefit which modish invalids are said to derive from their frequent removals to the healthiest spots in the universe. The original object of such a prescription was doubtless to change the air; and certainly no expedient could be better imagined for bracing a constitution relaxed by too intense application to the business of a Fashionable life. But the usages of the other, render a change of air to any salutary purpose utterly impracticable: for the weakest members of the community consider themselves bound to kindle a flame wherever they go: and thus they breathe the same phlogisticated air all over the world.

"They profess to adopt the ordinary divisions of time; and talk like other people of *Day* and *Night*: but their mode of computing each, is so vague and unnatural, the inhabitants of the same meridian with themselves, scarcely understand what they mean by the terms. A great part of this difficulty may possibly arise from the very small portion of solar light with which they are visited. For certain it is, that no people upon earth have less benefit from the light of the sun, than the people of Fashion; so that, if it were not for torches, candles, and Argand lamps, they would scarcely ever see each other's faces."

From this extract, the reader will see the extent and energy of the author's powers. This book, combining in such agreeable alliance the *utile* and the *dulce*, we strongly recommend to the attention of the public.

It is very neatly and correctly printed by Messrs. Hopkins and Seymour, and its price is so moderate as to levy no onerous tax upon a small fortune.

RICHES.

In spite of all the uncertainty attending the possession of riches, and all the folly and arrogance of the pride of the purse, nothing is more frequent than the supercilious behaviour of such as have *no other recommendation than their money*. This pride is observable in all companies; it is seen in the haughty demeanor of the bank director: in the distant civility of the rich shopkeeper; and in the careless indifference of the merchant, to those who often are much their superiors in power of comprehension, knowledge of general trade, and dignity of virtue. But such instances are not confined to a few individuals, in particular classes of the community; they extend to most rich people, and their influence is felt in every situation; in the ceremonies of the ball-room, the formalities of visiting, the affectation of the women, and the contumely of the men. "When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue: when a poor man speaks, they cry, *What fellow is this?*

This universal principle, as it un[der]mines the basis of social harmony, [ought] if possible, to be restrained. L[et]

rogant man, who has risen from the dregs of society, and has not become free from his original taint, be warned not to be too precipitate in his opinions, and violent in their support; but let him be reminded that his father was whipped for theft, or sat upon the gallows for swindling, and therefore more modesty would become him.

That man who swells with his ideal greatness when he sees a beggar, and marches by him with stateliness, should know, that the man whom he dispises is honest, though poor; and is his relation, though honest.

My friend Benserade, says Mons. Menage, had a witty and very singular method of expressing himself on every occasion. We were one day conversing on poetry, and he, commending his favorite bard, Adam Monusier, observed that no person since his time, appeared capable of imitating him. Sir, says Benserade, the fellow climbed mount Parnassus with a ladder, and, when he had ascended, he drew it up after him.

THE GRATEFUL WIDOW.

A pious lady had sent up her petition, and made her offerings to St. Rabboni, supplicating the conversion of her husband. A few days after, the good man made his exit. The pious widow exclaimed in a fervent tone, 'What an excellent and gracious saint is Rabboni! he even gives us more than we pray for.

The Duke d'Usez was considered a very good courtier, though a weak man. He was gentleman usher to the Queen. One day she asked the Duke what time of day it was? What time your majesty pleases. At another time, the Queen asked him when he expected his wife, the Duchess, to be brought to bed? Whenever your majesty pleases.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

M. P——, in passing through Broadway a few days since, observed a man in the charge of an officer, who apparently was leading him to prison. Having known him to have been an honest industrious person, he determined to enquire respecting his present distress; he thereaccosted him and learned, that from in his family he had contracted a debt, amounting to fifty dollars, for which he had been separated from an affectionate wife, to be confined in prison. "Is that all?" replied the humane Mr. P——, "officer come with me, I will liquidate the debt."——"What a delicate supper," said P——, the next day to a friend that met him, and asked him "if it were true that he was the person who had relieved the distresses of a poor man, as was publicly mentioned?" "Ah. what a delicious supper did I make upon homely fare, with a family, who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was moistened by the tears of gratitude."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

THE BULL-FINCH AND THE SPARROW.

OF greatness and its pompous train,
What notions false we entertain;
The glittering dross, the splendid Feast,
Those seeking most who know them least:
Our time, anxiety, and cost,
In the vain disquisition lost.

Its joys and griefs to every state,
Adapted by the will of fate.
That men we envy oft as bless'd,
In secret pine, with cares oppress'd...
My fable is an illustration.

As on the rake, one winter's day,
A town-bred sparrow wing'd his way;
Possess'd of each engaging art
To win the feather'd fair one's heart,
To all his rivals still prefer'd
The fav'rite of each female bird;
He lighted near an ancient seat,
Whose turret mark'd the squire's retreat,
The mansion where resides his honour,
The lord and guardian of the manor;
Or the right worshipful, the mayor,
Whose Corporation's all his care.

Here hopping round from tree to tree,
Curious, no doubt, to hear and see;
A Bullfinch from a window nigh,
Attracted the young rover's eye.
Struck with the warbler's gilded cage,
He glow'd with envy, grief, and rage.
"How partial," he exclaim'd "is fate;
See how that bullfinch lives in state,
The happiest of the feather'd race;
How different the poor sparrow's case.
There, shelter'd from the winds and rain,
He chaunts at ease his warbling strain.
Here I sit shiv'ring in the shower,
Expos'd through each inclement hour,
To nipping frosts, or melting snows,
Ills that no pamper'd bullfinch knows.
He, cherish'd at a sumptuous board,
Is lodg'd and feasted like a lord.
Fondled, and by his master fed,
With sweetest cakes, and whitest bread;
While after me the village runs,
With pelting stones, and popping guns.
Forc'd by such bar'brous sport to fly,
A miserable wanderer am I.
In the less hospitable wood,
Pick up and down precarious food.
Hard lot, alas! how different mine,
Compar'd, thrice happy bird with thine.
Why cruel fate, live I to rue,
I was not hatch'd a bullfinch too."

The finch in quite a well bred way,
Heard what our sparrow had to say;
And understood him, though at a distance,
Without the interpreter's assistance.
Indeed a bird not quite a fool,
Brought up in so polite a school,
Could not be thought in want of learning;
A word's enough to the discerning.
Not comprehend the vulgar folk,
Poh, comprehend, 'tis all a joke.
Smiling to find the aukward blunder,
The foolish fellow labour'd under;
He therefore pluming up his crest,
"Sure friend," (says he) you're touch'd in brain,
To talk in this mistaken strain.
'Tis true, there's something of a smattering
Of wit, in what you have been chattering;
But chirp as sprightly as you will,
Trust me you reason very ill.
And to be serious for a while,
In truth, your envy makes me smile;
What is there in this fine gilt cage,
So much your fancy should engage?
These wires my prison bars, where I
A splendid slave, must live and die.
Go, hence, content and learn of me,
How vain the finery you see:
Forbear my joys true bliss to call,
Thy LIBERTY is worth them all."

Irish Bull. Most people whether they be savage or civilized, can contrive to revenge themselves upon their enemies without blundering.—but the Irish are exceptions. During the last rebellion there was a banker, to whom they had a peculiar dislike, and on whom they had vowed vengeance; accordingly they got together as many of his bank notes as they could, and made a bon-fire of them! This might have been called a *feu de joie*, perhaps, but certainly not *un feu d'artifice*, for nothing could shew less art than burning a bankers notes, in order to destroy his credit.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

I reply to Lucetta's fanciful and poetico-prosaic essay, in your paper of July the 12th, in plain sober prose. In my opinion, it is better fitted for a disquisition, like the one in which we are engaged, than that androgynal kind of writing which resembles both, and yet is neither. Lucetta's method may please the imagination, but surely it cannot prove satisfactory or convincing to the inquisitive mind. When she ought to address the understanding, she speaks to the fancy; she is exuberant and florid, when she should be terse and argumentative. There are some among our sex, who are more influenced by these properties of style, than by the fairest logical deductions, and who cannot substract the *matter* from the *manner* of a composition. It is for the benefit of such, that these remarks have been made.

I will now proceed to the examination of Lucetta's arguments. She says, "Had Eliza attended strictly to my meaning, she would have explained it by this simple position—That love and esteem are the only sure basis of a lasting and permanent admiration." This explanation of her simple position, only makes an absurdity still more absurd. But suppose it correct, let us see how it will bear on another of her *simple positions*. After having drawn the character of Laura, she concludes, by saying "she does not, like Melissa, possess their esteem and love, but she is universally admired." Now let Lucetta compare this quotation with the preceding, and tell me how they are to be reconciled. In one it is laid down, "that love and esteem are the *only* sure basis of a lasting and permanent admiration:" in the other it is said that Laura does not, like Melissa, excite "esteem and love, *but she is universally admired.*" The contradiction here, is so palpable, that it would be losing time to attempt to make it more so.

Having made Lucetta defeat, by her own words, one of her *simple positions*, I will follow her to the next paragraph. And here she comes out triumphantly with, "will Eliza *still* assert that admiration is a short-lived tenant?" Yes, Lucetta, Eliza *still* asserts it. It is a fixed law of Nature, that, what soonest arrives at maturity, soonest returns to decay. Examine her in all her various aspects and appearances, pursue her through all her modifications, and this fact will appear but the more incontrovertible. Novelty is the true parent of admiration. Whatever is new o our senses, excites this emotion in an eminent degree; and those objects which once called it forth in the most extravagant manner, by being frequently presented to our view, become trite and uninteresting. Lucetta, to assist her argument, has recourse to the natural world. Let me see if I cannot make it subserve my purpose also. What can be more glorious, more magnificent, than the rising and setting sun! Picture, if you can, the astonishment, the admiration, of a man relieved from a cataract, which had blinded him all his days, at this stupendous sight! yet so familiarized are we to its recurrence, that we view it almost with apathy. Even the interposition of the moon between the sun and our earth, on the 16th of June, so remarkable, and of which there were millions of spectators, were it to occur monthly, would hardly interest the curiosity of any. I repeat it again, novelty is the parent of admiration, and the latter partakes of the fleeting nature of the former.

I come now to the last paragraph of Lucetta's performance; and here I confess she fills me with admiration. What an important discovery has she made! Lavater, were he now alive, would hide his diminished head for very shame. The minds only, of mankind, were open to his ken by the lineaments of their countenances; but Lucetta has only to read a single line, to decide on the features of her who wrote it! What an admirable assistant would she prove to Dr. Gaul. The science of *Craniology* would flourish under their auspices, and crimes and murder be rooted from the world. She would only have to furnish the doctor with an accurate description of the features of those persons whose writing might be transmitted her, and he, knowing the organ indicative of each crime, might denounce the villain, and the wretch could be hung *before* he is guilty. A preventive to disease, in the body natural, is better than a cure; surely in the body politic also, it is better to forestall a crime, than to punish it after it is committed. This, after all, is the only method to advance the perfectibility of man, about which, so much has been said and written, till now with so little success; and it is to Dr. Gaul, and Lucetta, that we are to be indebted, for this new and valuable discovery, which is like to be so useful to the system of morals.

ELIZA.

SELECT SENTENCES.

How are pleasures, the world, and fortune, to be justly appreciated? Life is divided into two opochas; that of desires, and that of disgust. The odour of the dishes is delicious to the hungry guests who sit down to table, but disgusting to those who have made a good dinner.

Happiness and pleasure affect us in a different manner, and, to a certain degree, have nothing in common with each other. Pleasure cannot be lasting; it would soon lose its charms; because the mind and senses would soon quickly be weakened by its vivacity. Pleasure is not like happiness, *within ourselves;* it is accidental, and depends on others. Every person may feel a lively *pleasure*, but the heart only can render us capable of tasting *happiness:* for which reason, those who possess not exquisite sensibility, have no pretensions to it. Happiness resembles a gentle warmth proceeding from ourselves: pleasure, which is more exterior and lively, but less durable, affects us like adventitious heat; of which we are soon deprived, because it is not natural.

Men's desires are raised by Prohibition, as appears by the following anecdote.

A rich Neapolitan merchant, named Jacob Morell, prided himself in not having set his foot out of the city where he lived, for upwards of forty years: this coming to the ears of the Duke D'Assuna, Morell had notice sent him that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom under the penalty of ten thousand crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of such a prohibition, grew so uneasy that he paid the fine, and took a trip to Florence.

[The following remarks are calculate meridian of the British metropolis, & far they are applicable to any society here, we leave for the consid those whom they may concern.]

Is not the fashionable world t where the most exquisite ref united with the grossest inde

most lavish prodigality, joined to the most contemptible meanness:—a theatre where indolence is considered as a distinction, and helplessness as a grace:—where the principles of religion are scoffed at, and its duties neglected:—where awkwardness is more intolerable than vice, and elegance more valued than virtue:—where self is the universal deity, and disinterestedness treated as folly:—a theatre, in a word, where vice stalks abroad adorned, and honour and virtue shrinks back abashed.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS A. L. OF THIS CITY.

SINCE first I gentle ANNA knew,
From nymph to nymph I rov'd;
I sigh'd and languish'd, prov'd untrue,
A stranger then to love.

In every shape, in every face,
New beauties did I see;
Perfection I could never trace,
Till first I look'd on thee.

I'll hail the day, I'll hail the morn,
I'll hail that happy hour,
When at the sacred altar, Love
With Hymen joins his power.

Till now, I ne'er a passion knew,
My follies to reprove;
I'll rove no more, but I'll be true,
Thy HENRY now will love.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, July 26.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS, FOR JUNE, 1806.

FULL DRESS.

A dress of white crape, embroidered down the front, and round the train with gold or silver; the sleeves very short in front, and embroidered to correspond with the dress; the bosom quite plain, with a ll lace tucker; an under dress of snet. White kid shoes and The hair dressed and ornament- a gold comb. A short dress of stripes of blue, or lilac crape, silk-net; the bottom trimmed sed ribband; long sleeves of spider net; an under dress of white satin, trimmed also with embossed ribband. White kid shoes. The hair dressed with a tiara of steel bugles.

WALKING DRESS.

A morning dress of white cambric muslin, made quite tight over the bosom, and buttoned down in front; the bottom trimmed with worked muslin; long sleeves with work let in the top, to correspond with the bottom of the dress. A straw hat turned up in front. A long dress of white muslin, with a mantle of slate coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with an Indian bordering. Slate coloured shoes and stockings. A turban hat of straw with a cartab crown.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are apple-blossom, lavender, blue and yellow. The mob caps continue to be universally worn for morning dress, lined with coloured silk, and ornamented with flowers, or large bows of ribband. The long mantles are also much worn, both in silk and muslin; the muslin ones are bound with coloured ribband, and trimmed with lace. Feathers and flowers have again appeared: flowers are universally worn in full and undress.

LITERATURE.—England, in the course of the year 1805, produced 800 new literary works, France, 1150, and Germany not less than 4645! although in the Leipsic catalogue for the Michaelmas fair, 100 works less were announced, than in 1804; among which, there are only 63 novels, and 61 almanacks. The most numerous class of books, were those on medicine and education.

DIED on the 7th ult. at New Orleans. Wm. J. Bearlett.—His death was occasioned by a wound received from a Spaniard, with whom he had a dispute. The atrrocious villain, shortly after the dispute began, deliberately withdrew, and sharpened a large knife. on his return he gave the deceased a fatal stab in the side, which severed one of his ribs—after which, the blood-thirsty murderer made several attempts to stab those who were in the act apprehending him. He is secured, and no doubt will meet exemplary punishment. *New-Orleans Gaz.*

Our city inspector reports the death of 49 persons during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, casualties 3,* consumption 9,† convulsions 5, debility 2, hives 3, decay 4, dropsy 2, drowned 2, dysentary 2, small pox 2, whooping cough 3, cholic bilious, cholera morbus, jaundice, intemperance, inflamation of the bowels, inflamation of the breast, rheumatism, scurvy, sprue, stillborn, and teething, of each, one.

* One man killed by a fall from a second story, another by a spar rolling on him, and a child by the falling of a piece of timber.

† One man, six women, and two children; the age of the man was 50 years, of the women, from 18 to 36. The children were under 3 years.

Correspondence, &c.

Has our esteemed correspondent, "LAURA," quite forsaken us?—Her judicious observations were wont to afford the highest satisfaction. Retired, perhaps, from the busy throng of the metropolis, enjoying the umbrageous cool retreat, she thinks not of us.—Would we could call her attention back again.

"D. S." is informed that his lines are unintelligible. He says, when all the *excellence* of her whom he loves is fully known, he will celebrate *them* with a song. For goodness sake, Mr. "D. S." do not send your song for insertion in the Visitor—we fear the homely fare we generally present our readers will not prove satisfactory, should they once be permitted to taste the sweets of your fascinating muse.

"Alcander," poor youth, appears in a distressed situation. Did we think the publishing his 'woe-worn tale,' would benefit his cause, or soften, to tenderness and love, the heart of the oburate fair one, the source of all his grief, we might be induced to comply with his request. But the reverse is our opinion.

"H" is informed that we cannot consistently publish any communication, embracing political disquisitions. Our paper is devoted to the amusement of the ladies—If we are so fortunate as to obtain their approbation, our purpose is answered.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE
75 CENTS,
By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 Park,

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK,
ENTITLED,

"*THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.*"

BY THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

DEDICATED TO
The Right Reverend BIBLBY *PROTEUS,*
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This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Dibden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editons of the Greek and Latin CLASSICS"] in his translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters."

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, "THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED." July 19 5t

A NEW NOVEL.
This Day is Published, by
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NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,
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A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,
CALLED,

LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She HERE undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the *fashionable* female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a stile more polished or attractive.
July 19. 4 t

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter
☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.
December 14.

A NEW BRITISH THEATRE.

With Biographical and Critical remarks on each play,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

NOW publishing in London, in numbers of a royal 18mo size, and for sale in New York only, by E. SARGEANT, & Co 39 Wall street, and J. OSBORN 13 Park; who have contracted with the proprietors for a part of the edition... Price thirty seven and a half cents a number.

The first ten numbers have just been received, and the following numbers, which are publishing with great expedition, will be shipped from London by every opportunity.

This work, which will form, beyond all comparison, the best collection of plays extant, will contain every play which keeps possession of the stage; and will include those of Colman, Cumberland, Holcroft, Inchbald, O'Keefe, Morton, Reynolds, and other modern authors, which have never appeared in any similar collection, the copy rights of which, have been purchased for the express purpose of introducing them into the present work. The whole will be printed under the authority of the manager's, from the prompter's copy, exactly as they are performed, and will hence prove a valuable acquisition to persons connected with the American Theatres.

It is intended to comprise the work in twenty-five volumes, each containing five plays, and at its conclusion, will be given title-pages, together with directions for arranging the plays

The embellishments will be executed in the very best manner, by the first artists in London.

Another edition will shortly be received, (which may be had by such subscribers as prefer it, at sixty-three and a half cents) elegantly printed on superfine paper, with a portrait of the authors for each volume, and proof impressions of both the plates.

Booksellers will be supplied at a liberal discount on the retail prices. July 19

TO THE LADIES,

STHEPHEN CAVE,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS, AND THE PUBLIC,

That he has commenced LADIES' SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 285 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID, and MORROCCO SHOES, of every discription, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N. B. Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.
July 19. 3m.

JOHN JONES,
UMBRELA AND PARASOL MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand. of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.
Coverings and repairings neatly executed.
N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 29.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,
FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 2s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off a kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smoot and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24, 1806.

From the Columbian Centinel.

MR. RUSSEL—In the CENTINEL of the 2d inst. "KITTY" made a "*return fire*," to some of the "*saucy male critics*" who have lately attacked our DRESS. Pray let me also have a *shot* at them.

THE "EE's."

LET KITTY admire,
And burn with desire
For BOB with his *Russet Boot-ee*,
But mine is the lad,
Ever gay, never sad—
'Tis JACK with his tippy *Coat-ee*.

The *belles* they all know
That JACK's a great beau,
The leader of fashion is he;
See just from the shop,
With *la Titus'* crop,
How he struts with his tippy *Skirt-ee*.

And as he goes by,
At me casts his eye,
And longs with his ANNA to be;
'Tis pleasing— 'tis true....
To say ye wont do!
So let him pass by with *Stick-ee*.

The Taylor may laugh,
And sure he gains half,
In dressing up JACK, do ye see;
For *waistcoat is dead*,
And hence in its stead,
JACK puts on a little *Breast-ee*.

The Hatter, kind Sir,
Now substitutes *fur*
For *brains* in a *beau* you scarce see;
To *knowledge* and *sense*,
JACK claims no pretence;
But looms up the head with Hat-ee.

I lately attack'd him,
Yes, and I *smack'd* him—
And surely no harm there could be;
JACK wheel'd to the right,
And *dazzled* my sight
With his *pipe-stem*....or alias....*Queue-ee*

Let KITTY admire,
With ardent desire,
And tell of her BOB and *Boot-ees*;
The Muse I'll invoke,
Her song oft provoke,
For JACKY, the *Chief* of *Tip-ees*. ANNA.

VARIETY.

The brilliant vivacity of GARRICK was subject to be clouded; little flying stories had too much of his attention, and more of his credit than they should have had; and certainly there were too many babblers who had access to his ear. There was some precaution necessary as to the company you associated with him at your table; Fitzherbet understood that in general admirably well, yet he told me of a certain day, when Garrick, who had perhaps been put a little out of his way, and was missing from the company, was found in the back yard *acting a turkey-cock to a black boy*, who was capering for joy and continually crying out—"Massa Garrick, do so make me laugh: I shall die with laughing—" The story I have no doubt is true; but I rather think it indicates the very contrary from a ruffled temper, and marks good humour in its strongest light. To give amusement to children, and to take pleasure in the act, is such a symptom of sauvity, as can never be mistaken.

Cumberland's Memoirs.

Raillery is of all weapons the most dangerous and two-edged; of course it ought never to be handled, but by a gentlemen, and never should be played with, but upon a gentleman; the familiarity of a low-born vulgar man is dreadful; his raillery, his jocularity, like the shaking of a water spaniel, can never fail to soil you with some sprinkling of the dunghill, out of which he sprung. *ibid.*

The following character, drawn by a great Painter, is a close resemblance of many a sinful mortal.

He swears as many oaths as he speaks words; one that sleeps in the contriving of lewdness, and wakes to do it. Wine loves he deeply, dice dearly, and in women out-paramours the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, and greedy of hand: let him keep his foot from brothels, and his pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend. *Shakespeare.*

Character of a notorious Fop.

A glass gazing superserviceable finical rogue, of very soft society and great shewing. Indeed, to speak feeling of him, he is the very card or calander of gentry. He has got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries him through and through the most fixed and winnowed opinions. Do but blow him to his trial, the bubble is out.

—

There are many persons of weak intellects, who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments. A stranger came to Lacedæmon, to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly 'he could not preserve that posture so long.' 'I know that,' replied the Lacedæmonian, 'but a goose can.'

—

A few days ago, as the fashionable Mrs C. was entering the drawing room, on a visit, she suddenly stopped at the door, and could proceed no further,—when it was found that the train of her ladyships gown had been shut in the carriag door *below!* *Lon. paper.*

—

[*From Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.*]

Talking of *constitutional* melancholy, Johnson observed, "A man so afflicted, sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." *Boswell*, 'May he not think them down, sir?' *Johnson*, "No, sir; to attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bedchamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise."

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM....PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

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